

Good Morning 665

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

GOOD TIME'S COMING FOR STO. BOB EVANS

WE called on your mother at 52 Smeaton Street, Ruthill, Glasgow, and heard the sad news of your sister Ann's death. 1st Class Stoker Robert Evans, but were very glad to see that your mother was bearing up in the true Evans' tradition—bright and smiling.

Brother Jim, in Canada, sent a letter which Mum received this week, and he says he hopes you will settle down in Canada after the war.

Jim is an inspector now in a motor factory, and is very well, and is expecting to get married soon.

Dad was out, working hard, as usual, but left a message saying he wishes you all the best, and hopes to see you soon.

We understand that a lot of Glasgow girls will be glad to see you round at Green's Playhouse and the Regent, not to mention having a spot of fun down at the F. and F. Ice Rink, Partick.

John Sands has joined up. He wishes you all the luck in the world. All your other



pals round here are going to give you a grand reception, so get ready for high jinks, Bob.

And Mum finishes by saying there will be the biggest kiss and hug you have ever had in your life! So good luck! All at 52 are counting the days until your return.

Home Town

WEYMOUTH has for years sought to spread its fame as an attractive seaside resort by describing itself in posters and other advertisements as "The Naples of England."

Writing home from Italy, Leading Aircraftman L. Pope, managing director of a well-known Weymouth firm in pre-war days, says:—

"Tell the Town Council never to refer to Weymouth as 'The Naples of England.'—If they do the place will be boycotted for ever when the troops come home."

CLEAN SWEEP.

WHEN housewives in Northam, working-class suburb of Southampton, want their chimneys swept they call at 38, Princes Street and arrange it with Mrs. Dorothy Maguire.

They know that Mrs. Maguire will make a good clean job of it, for she takes a real pride in her war-time work as a chimney-sweep.

Up before six every morning, she sweeps on the average six to eight chimneys a day. And she loves it. Her husband, Mr. Jack Maguire, works in the Southampton Docks. In between her chimney-sweeping Mrs. Maguire looks after her house and does the cooking.

Her father, Mr. Stephen Morgan, was a well-known chimney-sweep at Northam for years, and retired in 1941 at the age of 80.

"Not long afterwards," Mrs. Maguire told "Good Morning," "a friend bet me I wouldn't carry on the business. I had often swept the chimneys in my own house and obliged a neighbour, so the job was not quite new to me."

She did a few more houses in the streets nearby, and when people saw the brush coming out of the tops of the chimneys in this district again after the blitz, they started inquiring who was at the other end.

Keep a Look-out, L.Sig. Harry Seymour

THE day "Good Morning" called at 93, Barnsbury Street, Islington, N.1, was your mother's birthday, L/Sig. Harry Seymour.

She was fit and well, and was going to celebrate by taking Joyce and cousin Sylvia to the Mayfair in the afternoon.

Joyce was trying to make

up her mind to write to you, but in the meantime she asked us to tell you she is looking forward to seeing you walk up the road carrying a big pineapple specially for her!

Your mother met Maud—one of your girl friends—recently, and she sends all her best

about three years ago she became a teetotaler—much to the disappointment of customers of the Inn, who had over-indulged her love of liquor.

Truancy was another of Jacko's bad habits, but she gave up that about the same time as she "signed the pledge." She used to slip her collar and roam the nearby woods for a week or so at a time.

But she always returned to the "Fox and Hounds," and often signalled her homecoming by barking persistently at the back door.

Jacko was one of a family of week-old cubs taken from an earth at Fair Oak 10 years ago. She was brought up on the bottle—which, in those days, contained milk!

"Then came more requests, and so I decided to carry on as a 'regular' for the duration."

GONE TO EARTH.

MR. W. H. JENNINGS, licensee of the "Fox and Hounds" Inn, Fair Oak, Hampshire, mourns the loss of his ten-years-old pet, "Jacko," believed to be the oldest fox in captivity.

Jacko, a vixen, measuring only 36 inches from nose to tip of brush, was for years the centre of attraction at the "Fox and Hounds." Thoroughly domesticated, she would share her food with a tabby cat, and never once tried to kill her owner's poultry.

At one time, she was very fond of a glass of beer, but

"THEY Only Happen Once."

This is a popular phrase in cricket circles in relation to great players, matches, and extraordinary incidents. It is a well-justified expression, too, for on looking back over the kingdom of cricket I have noted many things that could "only happen once."

Take, for instance, Andy Sandham's record Test score against the West Indies, during the tour of 1929—30. It was by a chance in a million that Andy went out to set up a new record.

At the time Sandham was suffering from very sore toes—they call it "the jiggers" in the tropics—and because his feet troubled him so much he borrowed a pair of shoes from Pat Hendren of Middlesex just before he went out to bat. "They ease my feet,"

he told Pat, "and maybe I'll have a little comfort at the wicket."

Early in the match, with Sandham showing great form, he decided to "sneak" a single and caused a terrific laugh among the spectators. As he streaked down the pitch one of the big shoes he'd borrowed from Hendren, fell off at the half-way stage—and to save his wicket Sandham had to finish his journey with only one shoe!

On a perfect wicket Andy Sandham began to score runs at a fast rate, and very soon he reached his century.

"My feet are killing me," he confided to Joe Hardstaff, the umpire (father of young Joe, England's number three batsman), "I think I'll have a go, get some more runs—and then a rest in the pavilion."

"Don't do that," advised Joe Hardstaff, "but try and get 150 first."

Well, Sandham carried on, scoring brilliant boundaries, and sneaking singles, although all the time his feet were aching like mad. At last he had reached 150.

"That's enough for me, Joe," he grinned at the umpire. "Now I'll have a go."

"No you won't," replied Hardstaff. "Try for a double-century."

Sandham "obeyed" the umpire, scored his second hundred, and then said, "Now I will have a rest."

The umpire grinned this time. "Bet you can't beat Percy Holmes' record of 279," he said.

This was a challenge that could not be ignored, so Andy Sandham went out for the record and beat it, scoring a brilliant 325.

Yet few, of the spectators, knew that the master-batsman was suffering from very bad feet, was wearing borrowed cricketing shoes—not boots in the tropics—and had been badgered into setting up a new record by the umpire who always seemed to have a grin on his face. You're right, an incident such as this can only happen once.

But then, Andy Sandham, during the course of his great career, has sampled many unusual incidents of the "only once" variety.

During the course of a South African tour he went in first with Jack Russell, of Essex, to play in a Test on the new ground at Durban.

As is Sandham's habit, he walked up the pitch before he took his place at the crease, looked carefully at it to make sure that there were no little points which the bowler might use, and then prepared to face up to S. J. Snooke, the South African fast bowler.

At that moment, with Snooke loping up to the wicket, Sandham could have sworn that he saw part of the pitch move! He played the ball back to the bowler, then went up into mid-wicket to see if his eyes had deceived him. They had not. A small mound was quickly getting bigger—and was composed of hundreds of small green frogs.

Members of the ground staff were quickly called, and while they put the frogs into buckets the Test Match was held up.

The only time an important match such as this has been held up by frogs!

On another occasion, in the West Indies, Sandham went in



to bat. George Gunn, the Notts batsman, was already at the crease, and as Sandy passed he said, "Leary Constantine appears to be bowling like a man possessed to-day."

"Don't worry, Andy," said Gunn with a smile. "He won't hurt you."

It was Sandham who had the laugh a few minutes later. Constantine, bowling at a terrific speed, sent a ball streaking down towards Gunn's wicket. The Nottingham man played forward to the express delivery—and had the shock of his life.

He stopped the ball—but the speed of it knocked the bat clean out of his hands, over his right shoulder, and whizzing past the ear of the wicket-keeper.

For a moment there was silence. Then the wicket-keeper exclaimed, "That was a near one for me."

Gunn said nothing—but the expression on his face showed clearly enough that he was thinking of his own narrow escape!

Test Matches have had incidents galore—but how many times have you heard of a batsman breaking a record in borrowed shoes, urged on by an umpire? Frogs stopping a Test Match? A batsman having his bat knocked over his shoulder?

Only once. . . .

CITY OF MAD DOGS

WASHINGTON, besides being the political capital of the United States, is apparently the mad-dog capital also.

In the last two years, rabid dogs have bitten more than 300 citizens, four of whom died.

Health Commissioner George Ruhland said the situation is "damnable."

Perhaps no other city passes out such advice, instruction and directions on practically everything, yet, according to the Health Commissioner, Washington's canine population of 39,000 licensed dogs and 20,000 unlicensed strays have no adequate supervision.

No single agency has a staff to enforce the regulations which would give Washington a clean bill of health as far as rabies is concerned.

Police are responsible for requiring that all dogs be muzzled or on leash, but there are not enough police to handle such a problem. The citizens themselves, Ruhland says, must undertake a vigilante service.

**BOUQUETS just make us feel foolish . . .
BRICKBATS are what we really enjoy. So let's hear from you.**

Address:

"Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Repentance—That is what Gnailed at Bill, in Danger of Hanging

BILL'S LAPSE
Part 2 By W. W. JACOBS

THEY stayed there till nearly eleven o'clock, and then Bill set off home 'olding the unfortunate Peter by the scruff o' the neck, and wondering out loud whether 'e ought to pay 'im a bit more or not.

Afore 'e could make up 'is mind, however, he 'turned sleepy, and, throwing 'imself down on the bed which was meant for the two of 'em, fell into a peaceful sleep.

Sam and Ginger Dick came in a little while arter-wards, both badly marked where Bill 'ad hit them, and sat talking to Peter in whispers as to wot was to be done. Ginger, who 'ad plenty of pluck, was for them all to set on to 'im, but Sam wouldn't 'ear of it, and as for Peter, he was so sore he could 'ardly move.

They all turned in to the other bed at last, 'arf afraid to move for fear of disturbing Bill, and when they woke up

in the morning and see 'im sitting up in 'is bed they lay as still as mice.

"Why, Ginger, old chap," ses Bill, with a 'earty smile, "wot are you all three in one bed for?"

"We was a bit cold," ses Ginger.

"Cold?" ses Bill. "Wot, this weather? We 'ad a bit of a spree last night, old man, didn't we? My throat's as dry as a cinder."

"It ain't my idea of a spree," ses Ginger, sitting up and looking at 'im.

"Good 'eavens, Ginger!" ses Bill, starting back, "wot-ever 'ave you been a-doing to your face? Have you been tumbling off of a bus?"

Ginger couldn't answer; and Sam Small and Peter sat up in bed alongside of 'im, and Bill, getting as far back on 'is bed as he could, sat staring at their pore faces as if 'e was having a 'orrible dream.

"And there's Sam," he ses. "Where ever did you get that mouth, Sam?"

"Same place as Ginger got 'is eye and pore Peter got 'is face," ses Sam, grinding his teeth.

"You don't mean to tell me," ses Bill, in a sad voice—"you don't mean to tell me that I did it?"

"You know well enough," ses Ginger.

Bill looked at 'em, and 'is face got as long as a yard measure.

"I'd 'oped I'd growed out of it, majes," he ses, at last, "but drink always takes me like that. I can't keep a pal."

"You sur-prise me," ses Ginger, sarcastic-like.

"Don't talk like that, Ginger," ses Bill, 'arf crying. "It ain't my fault; it's my weakness. Wot did I do it for?"

"I don't know," ses Ginger, "but you won't get the chance of doing it agin, I'll tell you that much."

"I daresay I shall be better to-night, Ginger," ses Bill, very humble; "it don't always take me that way."

"Well, we don't want you with us any more," ses old Sam, 'olding his 'ead very high.

"You'll 'ave to go and get your beer by yourself, Bill,"

ses Peter Russet, feeling 'is bruises with the tips of 'is fingers.

"But then I should be worse," ses Bill. "I want cheerful company when I'm like that. I should very likely come 'ome and 'arf kill you all in your beds. You don't 'arf know wot I'm like. Last night was nothing, else I should 'ave remembered it."

"Cheerful company?" ses old Sam. "Ow do you think company's going to be cheerful when you're carrying on like that, Bill? Why don't you go away and leave us alone?"

"Because I've got a 'arf," ses Bill. "I can't chuck up pals in that free-and-easy way. Once I take a liking to anybody I'd do anything for 'em, and I've never met three chaps I like better than wot I do you."

Three nicer, straightfoward, free-anded mates I've never met afore."

"Why not take the pledge agin, Bill?" ses Peter Russet.

"No, mate," ses Bill, with a kind smile; "it's just a weak-ness, and I must try and grow out of it. I'll tie a bit o' string round my little finger to-night as a reminder."

He got out of bed and began to wash 'is face, and Ginger Dick, who was doing a bit of thinking, gave a whisper to Sam and Peter Russet.

"All right, Bill, old man," he ses, getting out of bed and beginning to put his clothes on; "but first of all we'll try and find out 'ow the landlord is."

"Landlord?" ses Bill, puffing and blowing in the basin.

"Wot landlord?"

"Why, the one you bashed," ses Ginger, with a wink at

the other two. "He 'adn't got 'is senses back when me and Sam came away."

Bill gave a groan and sat on the bed while 'e dried himself, and Ginger told 'im 'ow he 'ad bent a quart pot on the landlord's 'ead, and 'ow the landlord 'ad been carried up-stairs and the doctor sent for.

He began to tremble all over, and when Ginger said he'd go out and see 'ow the land lay 'e could 'ardly thank 'im enough.

Ginger was gone about two hours, and when 'e came back he looked so solemn that old Sam asked 'im whether he 'ad seen a ghost. Ginger didn't answer 'im; he set down on the side of the bed and sat thinking.

"I s'pose—I s'pose it's nice and fresh in the streets this morning?" ses Bill at last, in a trembling voice.

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

Answers to Quiz in No. 664

1. A torus is a Spanish bull, water-snake, lasso swivel, ring, clerical vestment?
2. What is the difference between kinetics and kinematics?
3. What is the largest county in Scotland?
4. Who invented the phrase, "The war to end war"?
5. What were the first words ever recorded on the phonograph (gramophone)?

1. Kind of prison.
2. "Table d'hôte" is a set meal—"the host's table"; "à la carte" means that you may choose what you like from the list "on the card."
3. Castor.
4. Carmarthenshire.
5. 1934.
6. Tern isn't a duck; others are.

PUZZLE CORNER

1. Rearrange the following and punctuate to read properly: Piano for sale late owner a music mistress with carved legs iron frame and wooden back worth £50.
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Canada, Australia, India, Irish Free State, Union of South Africa, New Zealand.
3. If: 9 is greater than 5, 4 is not more than 7, and 7 is less than 9, is it necessarily true that (a) 7 is more than 5, (b) 4 is less than 5, (c) 4 is less than 9?
4. If the Tuesday after tomorrow week is three days before the fortnight after yesterday, what day is it today?
5. When Albert said "Match,"

- Annabel said "First." What word linked these two ideas in Annabel's mind?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Palladium, Hippodrome, Royal Academy, British Museum, St. Paul's Cathedral, Coliseum, Madame Tussaud's.
7. If no yellow apples are to be made, all green apples make good jam some red apples are sour and good jam requires sweet apples is it necessarily true that (a) green apples are always sweet, (b) good jam cannot be made from red apples, (c) jam made from yellow apples is never good?
8. A man whose birthday falls in July was born in March. He legally married his own sister, and died a bachelor. How come?
9. When Fred said "Ronald,"

- What word linked these two ideas in Masie's mind?
 10. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—3, 19, 24, 27, 29, 34, 21.
 11. If we call cousins uncles, aunts fathers, and daughters grandfathers, what relation is my uncle's grandfather's father to me?
 12. If you were standing on a hard concrete floor, can you think of a way of dropping an egg 3 feet without smashing it? (You may not catch it, or put anything soft on the floor to receive it.)
- Answers to Puzzles in No. 664.
1. Beetle.
 2. Y is not a Roman numeral; others are.
 3. H. (F is 5 letters after A; H is 5 after C.)
 4. Tuesday.

Home Town News

THE little town of Winscombe, Somerset (population under 2,000), has collected and expended over £900 in parcels of comforts for local men in the Services. No wonder they were bucked no end this week to hear about a Winscombe man, cut off in Burma for two months in an outlandish post, who received only one item of mail.

It was a parcel from Winscombe—dropped by parachute. Can you beat it? Ernie Bevan, the Labour Minister, ought to be told about that. He was born at Winscombe, the son of a farm worker.

OLD Bill Blewett, the village postmaster at Mousehole, Cornwall, is at it again. He spends as much time acting for the films as he does selling stamps and doling out Old Age Pensions. His latest role is as the skipper of a barge in Michael Balcon's forthcoming film of Britain's canals, "Painted Boats."

Bluff and blue-eyed, Mr. Blewett has been a sailor, soldier and tea salesman in his time. By this time he has earned the right to call himself a professional film actor, for he has taken a part in lots of picture-making and will shortly be seen with Francoise Rosay, Tom Walls and Patricia Roc in "Johnny Frenchman," a story of the Breton and Cornish fisherfolk that was filmed at another picturesque Cornish village, Mevagissey.



Jack Greenall
Says:
**Ain't
Nature
Wonderful!**

THE MANATEE.

THE Manatee is said, when he pops his head and shoulders above water, to bear some resemblance to a human being. Sheer libel if there ever was.

This marine animal is dead from the neck up. Its flesh when salted will remain sweet for a whole year, and that's more than can be said about yours and mine.

Manatees look like a hippo and a seal, which must be a constant worry. They feed on algae, and, of course, you all know what that is.

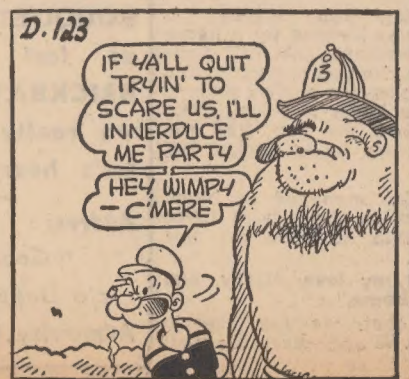
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 604

1. Behead to lounge about and get one who does it.
2. Add two letters to fury, shuffle them, and get the bird.
3. What Poet Laureate had ST for the exact middle of his name?
4. The three missing words contain the same letters in different order: When his wife — him, he was so — that he threw a —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 603

1. P-hone.
2. TRICK—CE, CRICKET.
3. BrONte.
4. Means. names.

JANE

BILL'S LAPSE

(Continued from Page 1)

Ginger started and looked at him. "I didn't notice, mate," he ses. Then 'e got up and patted Bill on the back, very gentle, and sat down again. "Anything wrong, Ginger?" asked Peter Russet, staring at 'im.

"It's that landlord," ses Ginger; "there's straw down in the road outside, and they say that he's dying. Pore old Bill don't know 'is own strength. The best thing you can do, old pal, is to go as far away as you can, at once."

"I shouldn't wait a minnit if it was me," ses old Sam.

Bill groaned and hid 'is face in his 'ands, and then Peter Russet went and spoilt things by saying that the safest place for a murderer to 'ide in was London. Bill gave a dreadful groan when 'e said murderer, but 'e up and agreed with Peter, and all Sam and Ginger

Dick could do wouldn't make 'im alter his mind.

He said that he would shave off 'is beard and moustache, and when night came 'e would creep out and take a lodging somewhere right in the other end of London.

He stayed in the bedroom all day, with the blinds down, and wouldn't eat anything, and when Ginger looked in about eight o'clock to find out whether he 'ad gone, he found 'im sitting on the bed clean shaved and 'is face cut about all over where the razor 'ad slipped.

"It'll soon be dark," ses Ginger, "and your own brother wouldn't know you now, Bill. Where d'you think of going?"

Bill shook his 'ead. "Nobody must know that, mate," he ses. "I must go into hiding for as long as I can—as long as my but 'e up and agreed with Peter, and all Sam and Ginger

"That'll last a long time if you're careful," ses Ginger.

"I want a lot more," ses Bill. "I want you to take this silver ring as a keepsake, Ginger. If I 'ad another six pounds or so I should feel much safer. 'Ow much 'ave you got, Ginger?"

"Not much," ses Ginger, shaking his 'ead.

"Lend it to me, mate," ses Bill, stretching out his 'and. "You can easy get another ship. Ah, I wish I was you; I'd be as 'appy as 'appy if I hadn't got a penny."

"I'm very sorry, Bill," ses Ginger, trying to smile, "but I've already promised to lend it to a man wot we met this evening. A promise is a promise, else I'd lend it to you with pleasure."

"Would you let me be 'ung for the sake of a few pounds, Ginger?" ses Bill, looking at 'im reproachfully. "I'm a desprit man, Ginger, and I must 'ave that money."

Afore pore Ginger could

move he suddenly clapped 'is hand over 'is mouth and flung 'im on the bed. Ginger was like a child in 'is hands, although he struggled like a madman, and in five minutes 'e was laying there with a towel tied round his mouth and 'is arms and legs tied up with the cord off Sam's chest.

"I'm very sorry, Ginger," ses Bill, as 'e took a little over eight pounds out of Ginger's pocket. "I'll pay you back one o' these days, if I can. If you'd got a rope round your neck same as I 'ave you'd do the same as I've done."

He lifted up the bedclothes and put Ginger inside and tucked 'im up. Ginger's face was red with passion and 'is eyes starting out of his 'ead.

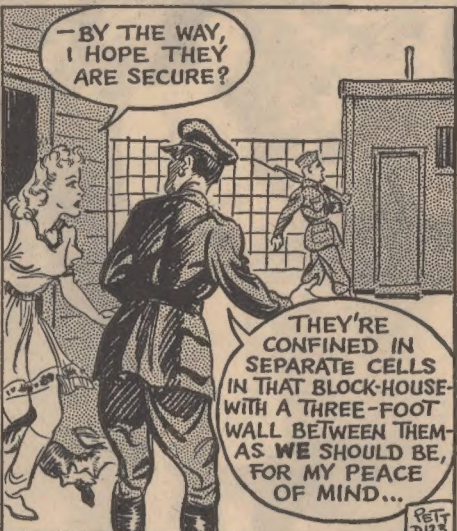
"Eight and six is fifteen," ses Bill, and just then he 'eard somebody coming up the stairs. Ginger 'eard it, too, and as Peter Russet came into the room 'e tried all 'e could to attract 'is attention by rolling 'is 'ead from side to side.

(To be continued)

USELESS EUSTACE



"Now, don't gulp it! I've been queueing three solid hours for that!"



The Things People Do

WHENEVER a General is made Field-Marshal Major Garrard gets busy. He's the man who sees that the new Field-Marshal gets his baton—and his firm, Garrard and Co., of Albermarle Street, Piccadilly, have made the batons for the past hundred years.

So it isn't the strict truth that every private carries a Field-Marshal's baton in his haversack.

The baton made for "Monty" was the last to be made under Major Garrard's supervision. He has had about fifty years as head of the Crown goldsmiths, and at seventy-seven he is retiring.

FOLKS are always trying to work out an international language. There are at least two which have been going the rounds for a good many years—yet somehow people in different countries still like to rub along with their own tongues.

R.A.F. man, Kenneth Littlewood, of Armley Lodge Road, Leeds, is the latest in the field. He's making it a hobby to invent an entirely new language—a mixture of English and Chinese—which he hopes may take on.

He calls his new language "Monling." It has no capital letters, and is said to be fairly easy to learn.

But I expect English will get you most places.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

GAFF	SATRAP
ALLUDE	WORE
STAMEN	EBON
COWER	DEBUT
O	DIVIDES
NAG	V L REP
SEVERAL	R
SHRED	TUTTI
LOUR	HEROIC
URNS	EDIBLE
REDEEM	DYED

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10				11				
	12		13		14			
15				16				
	17		18		19		20	
21	22	23		24		25		
26	27		28		29			
	30	31		32		33		
34				35				
36					37		38	
39				40				

RUGGLES



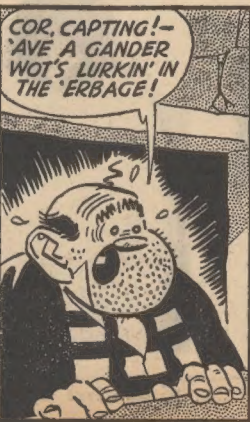
GARTH



JUST JAKE



But stap me sadly, my Father died suddenly after a ferocious bout of Pitch and Toss with Lord Lummy for the rest of the family plate and the bed linen...I came back to Arntwee to settle down—but I couldn't settle up—the finances of Arntwee were dashed unbalanced that even a copper—



—Sorry Fans—
Time and Tide wait for no man, but constables are so different—
We'll meet again shortly—in the meantime, I can accept no further offers of marriage....

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Meaning, 6 Old sayings, 10 Decline, 11 Flowering shrub, 12 Rule, 14 Joyful, 15 Song fragment, 16 Achieves, 17 Oonaise, 19 Tree, 21 Exclamation, 23 Garden tools, 25 Behold, 26 Old bird, 28 Colourless fluid, 30 Skin, 32 Build, 34 Whittle, 35 Perfect, 36 Approach, 37 Lords and ladies, 39 Metal, 40 Red dye.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Whenever, 2 Trading place, 3 Fold, 4 Boy's name, 5 Colour, 6 Starch food, 7 Narrow street, 8 Small animal, 9 Heavy, 13 Boy's name, 15 Mount high, 16 Considered, 18 Firmament, 20 Accustomed, 22 Boy's name, 24 Extent, 27 Dated about, 29 Was informed, 31 Want, 33 Guiding fact, 34 Chum, 35 Doctrine, 38 Man's title.

Good Morning

Submariner's wife, Mrs. J. R. Smith, of Lowestoft, whose husband is a C.P.O., makes camouflage nets, with the help of a friend, for the Far East war. This is about the nicest work-room we've ever seen—"music while you work" is no doubt provided by the humming of the bees round the cherry blossom.



'FUSE' WILSON DROPS IN AT NURSERY SCHOOL



And judging from the picture on the left he arrived at an embarrassing moment. That man will never learn to knock at the door first! "Fuse" reports that he thought the kids were all looking great. What the kids thought of "Fuse" is something we, unfortunately, will never learn.



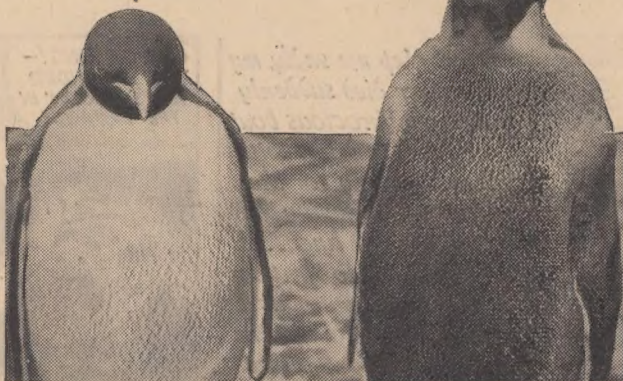
PICKING PIN-UPS WITH A PIN!

"There you are! Not a pin to choose between them," said the Art Bloke, putting these two pictures on our desk. "Oho!" we said, "just give us a pin and we'll soon choose one," remembering our famous method of picking Derby winners. And judging from the expression on Gale Robbin's face, it seems we must have picked her—with a pin!"



TROUBLE ON PENGUIN ISLAND

"What's she got to be so stuck up about? She's not the only one with a fur coat—as you'd see if I turned round."



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Lucky for Gale she was sitting down!"

